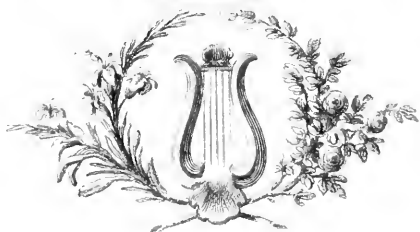


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JOHN COURTNEY Junr

JUVENILE POEMS,

BY THE LATE

JOHN COURTENAY, JUN.

WITH

An Elegy on his Death.

Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.

VIRG.

London :

PRINTED BY J. JONES, CHAPEL STREET, SOHO.

1795.

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THE CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
ELEGY to the Memory of John Courtenay	1
Ode,—Henrici Quinti Laudes	7
Ode,—Dies Natalis	10
Latin Epigram	12
A Classcal Apology for Physicians	ib.
Translations from Tyrtæus,	
Elegy the First	13
Second	16
Third	17
Fourth	18
Ode Addressed to Emma	20
Verfes addressed to Miss M*** L***	24
Cowley's Ode on Wit, Paraphrafed	26
To Emma on her Birth Day	31
Verfes Addressed to Emma, on her going to	
Windfor	32
Verfes on Ambition	35
The Nuns Song	38
Republican Song	39
The Prophet's Miftake, or the Illumined Turnip	40
Epigram	45
To Mrs. Blair, on her Copying Sacharifla's Picture	46



ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN COURTENAY,

A CADET IN THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS, WHO
DIED AT CALCUTTA, DECEMBER, 1794,

IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

— — — Οὐτε μοι ἦως
Ἡδεῖ, ἅτ' ἀκτὶς ὠκεῖο ἡελίου.

O SHADE belov'd, still present to my sight,
My daily vision, and my dream by night !
In all thy youthful bloom thou seem'st to rise,
With filial love yet beaming from thy eyes.
Such were thy looks, and such thy manly grace,
When late I held thee in a last embrace ;
When in my breast prefaging terrors grew,
And sunk in grief, I sigh'd a long adieu.
How soon to thee this plaintive note I owe,
My plaintive note to sooth maternal woe !

“ * These fading orbs their darling view no more,
 “ And the last charm of ebbing life is o’er.”
 Dark o’er my head the louring moments roll,
 For ever set the sun-beam of my soul.

Is this indeed the universal doom,
 No ray of hope to cheer the lonely tomb !
 Perhaps the soul, a pure æthereal flame,
 May still survive her frail and transient frame ;
 And rapt in bliss the great Creator trace,
 Celestial power who lives thro’ boundless space !
 See his benevolence unclouded shine,
 Where wisdom, virtue dwell in joys divine ;
 Search Truths sublime, with sacred rapture scan,
 His gracious views conceal’d from erring man :
 But reason vainly would this depth explore,
 And fabled systems make us doubt the more.

O Youth belov’d, now mouldering in the tomb,
 Each soft progression even to manhood’s bloom,
 My fancy paints ; in infancy my pride,
 With sparkling eyes still playful at my side ;
 The lively boy then rose with winning grace,
 Till rip’ning ardour mark’d his glowing face.

* In the Elegy on Captain COURTENAY.

I saw him shine in every liberal art,
 Science and Fame the passion of his heart.
 Where GRANTA's domes o'erhang the cloister'd plain,
 Studious he mix'd in learning's pensive train;
 There, Meditation lent her sacred aid,
 To woo bright science in the peaceful shade;
 Why tempt that burning clime, that fatal shore?
 * The glorious motive pains my bosom more.

When bards sublime attun'd the sounding lyre,
 His vivid breast display'd congenial fire.
 He bade TYRTÆUS' martial ardour shine,
 And breathes his spirit in each glowing line.
 With HENRY's glory gilds his classic lays,
 And joins the Prince's in the hero's praise.
 Indignant scorn on freedom's foe he flings,
 And spurns ambition the mean vice of kings.
 With PRIOR's graceful ease he moves along,
 And laughs at fiction in his sportive song.
 With pregnant fancy, brilliant wit defines,
 And blends examples in his playful lines.
 In sprightly numbers chants † MARIA's sway,
 While WALLER's ‡ groves resound the amorous lay.

* Extract of one of his letters from Portsmouth, April 20th, 1794.—

“ For the idea of being a service to, and of again seeing those who are so dear to me, is the most lively and pleasing sensation I can ever have.”

† Verses addressed to Miss M. L. ‡ Written at Hall-Barn, Deaconsfield.

How pleas'd with mine to mix thy * tuneful strain,
 When Freedom's banner wav'd on GALLIA's plain;
 There, † fervid courage won thee early praise,
 And wing'd with pleasure flew our happy days:
 Never did Nature's bounteous hand impart,
 A nobler spirit, or a gentler heart.

How dear to all!—by social love refin'd,
 No selfish passion warp'd his generous mind!
 When from my breast, a sigh reluctant stole,
 That spoke the boding sorrows of my soul;
 He grasp'd my hand, the parting moment nigh,
 A filial tear yet starting from his eye;
 And sweetly strove the prescient gloom to cheer,
 These words for ever vibrate on my ear.
 “ Ah why repine, the palm by honour won,
 “ Descends a bright incentive to thy son,
 “ To spurn at wealth in India's tempting clime,
 “ If stain'd by bribes, if sully'd by a crime.

* The REPUBLICAN, and NUNS Song, published in the Poetical Epistles from France, &c.

† A very young soldier at the door of the National Convention menaced him with his pointed bayonet, which *he* instantly seized, and wrested the piece out of his hands.—One of the members was fortunately a witness of the transaction, and after reprimanding the sentinel, introduced my son into the Convention, and told me the fact, with high eulogiums on his spirit.

“ O, let my voice each anxious care dispell,
 “ I’ll soon return to those I love so well.”

That promis’d bliss,—that vital beam is past;
 Hope’s genial shoots, all withered by one blast.
 He’ll ne’er return in shining talents blest,
 With duteous zeal to glad a parent’s breast.
 ’Midst social joy, in festive pleasure gay,
 A sudden * corse, the blooming victim lay.
 While here forlorn, I yet exist to tell,
 How in the glow of youth my darling fell.
 Life’s closing scenes no consolation lend,
 † I’ve lost my sweet companion and my friend.—
 That grief is vain,—but tempts me to repine,
 Ev’n ‡ Fox’s generous tears have flow’d with mine.

* Capt. GRAY, to R. J. Esq.—“ In answer to your note of yesterday, I am compelled to the painful task of communicating the melancholly account of Mr. C——’s death. At a ball the 14th of December, being overheated with dancing, he imprudently drank a glass of lemonade, which proved almost instantly fatal.”

† Extract of a letter:—Cambridge, February 10th, 1792.—“ I am more obliged to you, than I can express: grateful I am to my Father, and ever shall remain; passion may at times have led me astray, yet still did I ever remember his kindness and affection, admire his talents, respect him as a parent, and love him as a protector, a companion, and a friend.”

‡ Mr. Fox, with generous and consoling attention, and with that sympathizing friendship which distinguish him, gave me the first intimation of this fatal event.

O shade benign, still at my couch arise,
 Till low in earth, thy once lov'd Father lies.
 Ne'er from my mind can thy memorial part,
 Thy picture's grav'd for ever on my heart :
 But India's mould contains thy hallow'd shrine ;
 Vain my last wish to mix my dust with thine.
 For thee, sweet EMMA drops the tender tear,
 Sighs o'er thy verse, and thy untimely bier ;
 For thee, SOPHIA heaves her aching breast,
 While plaintively she lulls her babe to rest.
 For thee, thy MOTHER's eyes incessant flow ;
 Thy fate alone could touch my heart with woe.
 With flowers I'll strew thy urn, and clasp thy bust ;
 With my last numbers consecrate thy dust :
 Dwell on thy praise, and feel while life remains,
 The joy of grief from thy harmonious strains.
 Still to thy shade each sacred honour pay,
 And to thy grave devote the mournful lay.
 'Tis Nature's charm to ease the troubl'd breast,
 And sooth the anguish of the soul to rest ;
 We fondly hope, by dear delusion led,
 To wake our own sensations in the dead ;
 By sympathy reverse the eternal doom,
 Revive the clay, and animate the tomb.

BATH, AUGUST, 1791.

HENRICI QUINTI LAUDES.

REGIS HENRICI, mihi da, benigna
 Artibus belli variisq' pacis
 Dulcis instructi, resonare Musa
 Splendida facta,

Qui manu parvâ comitatus, agros
 Galliæ pingues populavit, atq'
 Copias vicit numero carentes
 Marte cruento.—

Ille per turmas facie serenâ
 Ivit exhortans socios laborum
 Fortiter pugnam pueris, inire
 Conjugibusq'.

Quamvis in terram cecidit tremendis
 Ictibus multis superatus hostis,
 Vicit at cunctos tamen imperator
 Ense potenti.

Plurimas gentes trepidas subegit
 Nescius vinci Macedo superbus,
 Gallicam gentem domuit ferocem.
 Anglicus heros.

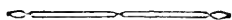
Sub duce hoc magno intrepidi Britanni
 Usq' pugnabant veluti leones,
 Atq' fugerunt pavidum timore
 Semper ab illis.

Galliæ vastæ populi frequentes;
 Sic lupum vitant pecudes rapacem
 Quando nocturnam stabulos laceffit
 Quærere prædam.

Dumq' regnâisset generosus heros
 Classe Gallorum Genuæ q' victâ,
 Angliæ nati domini fuere
 Æquoris omnis.

* In mero gaudet dapibus, jocisq'
Filius regis folio fedentis,
Et fuas femper dominis venustis
Præterit horas.

Hoc modo Henricus levis atq' vixit ;
Sed citò mores juvenis reliquit,
Regiam fedem decorabit atq'
GEORGIUS almus.



* For him, the feftive board had charms,
Where wit and humour fhine :
And yielding beauty bleft his arms,
Amidft the joys of wine.

But fee the fcepter'd hero reign,
His youthful foibles flown ;
Thus, Fame's loud plaudits GEORGE fhall gain,
And glorious fill the throne.

BATH, SEPTEMBER 2, 1791.

HORA TERTIA, P. M.

ANXIAS curas animis fugate,
 Gaudeat quisque hac redeunte luce,
 Qua dies nostri numerat fluentes
 Sanguinis Auctor.

Hanc diem faustam, properate cuncti,
 Cum bono vino celebrare, curas
 Quod statim solvit; facit atq' nostra
 Pectora læta.

Prandium jam famuli ministrant
 Alteram vestem induere et necesse est,
 Non mihi, quamvis cupio, licet nunc
 Scribere plura.

TRANSLATED, DECEMBER, 1791.

EXULTING, tune the choral lay,
 Bid anxious care retire ;
 With pride I hail this happy day,
 The birth-day of our Sire.

To me this genial morn is dear,
 Propitious may it thine ;
 And bring us each revolving year,
 The joys of mirth of wine.

But see, the festive hour is nigh,
 The servants haste along ;
 To dress myself, I'm forc'd to fly,
 And leave the unfinish'd song.

JUS DEPONENDI, ET ELIGENDI, REGES,
EX LITERIS SACRIS DEMONSTRATUM.

QUUM Deus ex cælo Judæis munera misit,
Tunc jus poscebant folio deponere Regem;
Audivit sanctus mox vota ardentia vates,
Dejecit numen, SAULUM regemqu' creavit;
Congruit electu gentis sic rector Olympic;—
Sed pius * EDMUNDUS populi nunc jura recusat!

A CLASSICAL APOLOGY FOR
PHYSICIANS.

ÆSCULAPIUS of yore (as in story we're told),
Was so fond of his fees, that a handful of gold,
Induc'd him a carcase to life to restore,
Altho' such a CURE was ne'er heard of before.
Whereupon thund'ring Jove threw a bolt at his head,
And on Pluto's remonstrance, the Doctor lay dead.
From hence 'tis aver'd how physicians of late,
That they may not suffer a similar fate;
Instead of restoring to life the deceas'd,
Are content if by them, men from life are releas'd.

* BURKE'S Reflections.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

WAR ELEGIES OF TYRTÆUS.

— — — Insignis Homerus,
Tyrtaeusq' mares animos in martia bella,
Versibus exacuit.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

I SCORN to sing the active racer's praise,
Nor deem him worthy of a poet's lays ;
Not tho' in swiftnefs he outstript the steed,
Or e'en surpass'd the Thracian wind in speed.
Nor would I honour, or transmit to fame,
The brawny wrestler's undeserving name ;
Not tho' in bulk he match'd the Cyclops race,
Boasted the beauties of Tithonus face :
No, — not if fortune with benignant hand,
Had given him Pelop's empire to command,
Pour'd down the wealth of Midas on his head,
The stores of Cinyras before him spread.

Nor if kind Heaven had on his tongue bestow'd,
 Those charms of speech that from Adrastus flow'd,
 Not, tho' he Fortune's richest gifts possess'd,
 Unless true courage fir'd his manly breast.
 Say,—is he worthy to enjoy the light
 Whose spirit fails him in the arduous fight?
 Who dares not boldly at his post to stand,
 And wield his falchion 'mid the hostile band.

Honour's the noblest prize a man can gain,
 The brightest laurel he can e'er obtain;
 Then let each warrior emulate his fire,
 Let Sparta's glory every soul inspire.
 See the youth spring impetuous on the foe,
 And deal destruction in each fatal blow:
 He scorns to yield, to tremble, or to fly,
 But thinks it glorious in the field to die.
 Now fires his countrymen to manly deeds,
 And the firm host to fame and conquest leads.
 For lo! where scatter'd, struck with wild affright,
 The routed phalanx turn their steps to flight.
 'Twas HE, that drove them from the dusty plain,
 He pierc'd their ranks, and broke their marshal'd train.
 At length he falls,—falls and resigns his breath,
 And in his country's cause, exults in death.

The well form'd breast plate, and the shield are found,
 Streaming with blood, and hack'd with many a wound.
 The young, the old attend his funeral bier,
 Shed o'er his mangled corse a generous tear;
 His infant children share their father's fame,
 While, all respect, and venerate his name.
 And tho' in earth his mould'ring bones are laid,
 Yet still with glory are his deeds repay'd;
 Recording ages shall with pleasure tell,
 "He bravely for his country fought and fell."
 —But if he meet not this heroic fate,
 He stands the glorious pillar of the state,
 The young, the old, the warlike chief admire,
 Applaud his valour, and his patriot fire.
 Then ye who wish the victor's palm to gain,
 Who thirst the wreath of merit to obtain;
 Rush—rush to war, gird on the shining steel,
 And fight like heroes for the common weal.

ELEGY THE SECOND.

HOW long ye cowards will ye senseless stand,
 While war and famine vex your native land !
 Still—still inactive, hide your heads for shame,
 Blind to your ancestors illustrious fame !
 And can ye tremble, to resign this life,
 The infant shielding and the tender wife.
 For know—we all must die, or soon or late,
 So Fate commands, and all must yield to fate.

Then draw your swords, uprear your blazing crests,
 And bear your glitt'ring shields before your breasts.
 Oft from the battle's rage, the coward flies,
 But Fate arrests him, and at home he dies.—
 But mark the intrepid hero's glorious end,
 The people's champion, and the people's friend.
 When dead, by all lamented and deplor'd,
 By all when living, reverenc'd and ador'd.
 As yon proud trophy wins admiring eyes,
 So with bright laurels crown'd behold him rise ;
 His grateful country's bulwark, pride and boast,
 In him tho' single, they possess a host.—

ELEGY THE THIRD.



SPARTANS—ye chosen fav'rites of the sky,
 See Jove propitious thunder from on high.
 Then let each warrior grasp his ample shield,
 Nor shun the hostile throng that crouds the field,
 Who dreads for freedom to resign his breath?
 Who in his country's cause will shrink from death?
 How oft the battle's rage have ye endur'd,
 To all the horrors of grim war inur'd!
 Oft on your foes the furious onset made,
 And hurl'd their squadrons to the Stygian shade!
 —But now the buckler's drop'd, your spirit's fled,
 Your army routed, and your heroes dead.—
 Haste—form the phalanx, all your powers combine,
 And in the van, like Spartan soldiers shine;
 When thus united, none can stand your force,
 Flight is the coward's hope, his sole resource.—
 Your's be the glory of the bloody day,
 While trembling wretches skulk with shame away.
 Base is the man who wounds a flying foe,
 Base is the man who aims a treacherous blow.

Bold be your fight, dispel each childish fear,
 And in the combat, fierce as Wolves appear.
 Brandish your swords, and couch the quiv'ring lance,
 Now stretch your spears, and to the charge advance.
 Then hand to hand, let each a foe engage,
 Strain every nerve, and summon all your rage :
 Let sword meet sword, and breast oppose to breast,
 Shield clash with shield, and crest contend with crest.

Ye light arm'd foldiers whirl the leathern fling,
 Speed the quick dart, the rocky fragment fling ;
 So shall your toils with victory be crown'd,
 And Sparta's sons for ever be renown'd.—

ELEGY THE FOURTH.

THE man who falls, when fighting to defend,
 His country's freedom, meets a glorious end.

But if by poverty depress'd he roam,
 Far from his native city, and his home ;

He meanly fues a pittance to obtain,
 To feed his tender wife, and infant train;
 A mother and a fire his cares engage,
 Worn down by grief, and sunk in helpless age.
 Thus doom'd to suffer indigence, disgrace,
 His name dishonour'd, and despised his race;
 To want's sharp pangs and misery a prey,
 'Till death in pity snatch the wretch away.

Then be it ours, my friends, the foe to wait,
 Of life regardless, and the storms of fate;
 Here, with your shields an iron rampart raise,
 And fire your souls by glorious thirst of praise.
 The coward trembles, and the coward flies,
 The hero conquers, or he bravely dies.

Guard the old warrior ev'n in weakness brave,
 Snatch him from danger, from destruction save;
 Oh piteous sight, to view the pointed dart,
 Transfix his breast, and pierce his dauntless heart.
 While vigorous youths to flight for safety trust,
 And see the veteran hero sink in dust.—

ODE ADDRESSED TO EMMA,
OCCASIONED BY MY FATHER'S ODE, ADDRESSED
TO TWO YOUNG LADIES, ON THEIR
RETURN FROM ITALY.

Je suis enchanté,
Par l'heureuse variété
La recherche, la nouveauté
Et la noblesse de ses rimes.

Que j'aime aussi la netteté
Le ton précis dont il s'exprime,
Quelle rare fécondité
D'images riantes sublimes.

BLEST with a true Horatian fire,
The Poet strikes the founding lyre,
The blue ey'd maid he sings;
Paternal love inspires his lays,
He fondly chaunts his EMMA's praise,
And sweeps the yielding strings.

Now with superior art pourtray'd,
The various beauties are display'd,

That grace the Hesperian land;
Borne on triumphant fancy's wings,
The Bard in tuneful numbers sings,
And shews a master's hand.

O'er all his smooth melodious lines,
A warm imagination shines,
And beams of fancy play;
Tho' * ADDISON from Tiber wrote,
Yet not so rapturous his note,
So classical his lay.

As Vulcan o'er Æneas' shield,
Rome's future eminence reveal'd,
(Vers'd in the rolls of fate)
And wrought in gold with art divine,
The heroes of illustrious line,
That prop'd the Roman state.

So in the Poet's pleasing strains,
The Empress of the world remains,

* The candid reader (especially if he be a father) will excuse the juvenile criticism of a son, prejudiced by partiality and affection.

Resplendent to our view ;
 By the inspiring muse impel'd,
 He paints what ne'er his eyes beheld,
 Yet still the picture's true.

But now to Belgia's shore I fly,
 And see joy sparkle in your eye,
 While ardent wishes rise ;
 When quick you fly Batavia's plain,
 And launch into the Eastern main,
 To seek your native skies.

O may the broad, the flowing sails,
 Expanded by auspicious gales,
 Catch every gentle breeze ;
 Ye waves propitious lend your aid,
 Safe to convey the blue ey'd maid,
 And waft her o'er the seas.

Behold she comes (her Father's pride)
 SOPHIA blooming by her side,
 With mild expressive face ;
 See the fond sisters arm in arm,
 By sweet affection blend each charm,
 And shine with mutual grace.

Each soft enchanting smile combin'd,
 With easy manners, taste refin'd,
 SOPHIA's charms disclose ;
 In love's chaste tie, long may she share,
 The fond delight, the pleasing care,
 That nuptial bliss bestows.

From EMMA, Humour's native strain,
 And Wit's enliv'ning happy vein,
 In brilliant fallies shoot ;
 As thro' the verdant foliage glow,
 And on one stem, engrafted grow,
 Two different sorts of fruit.

OCTOBER 20, 1792.

TO MISS M*** L****.

WITH A COPY OF MR. FOX'S VERSES TO MRS. CREW.

Ne vous offenez pas,
Si je vous pretends vous plaire ;
Je ne peux me taire.

IF blest'd with Fox's tuneful vein,
 MARIA's charms I'd sing ;
To her address my ardent strain,
 And wake the trembling string.—

Her cheeks disclose the crimson bloom,
 That paints the scented rose ;
Her breath exhales the mild perfume,
 The air in which it grows.

How can I chant the graceful fair,
 In beauty's lustre bright !
 To what shall I her eyes compare,
 That beam celestial light !—

As wildly mutable they roll,
 We feel their boundless sway ;
 We bow beneath their sweet controul,
 And love, admire, obey.

Those brilliant orbs inflame mankind,
 Thence, CUPID fires our hearts ;
 And as the unerring boy is blind,
 By THEM directs his darts.

What Bard such dazzling charms can sing,
 In youth's resplendent glow ;
 Could ev'n TITIAN radiance fling,
 O'er yon Cærulean bow ?

COWLEY'S ODE ON WIT,
PARAPHRASED*.

TELL me, tell me what is WIT,
Ye who dealers are in it ?
Variety it still assumes,
As different sweets are yet perfumes.
Like Proteus, various shapes it bears,
Graceful in various robes appears ;
One while in simple garb its seen,
Another,—tricked out like a queen.
In LONDON much false WIT is sold,
As Sheffield coin is pass'd for gold !
And oft in WIT you're cheated there,
As you're deceiv'd in Wedgewood ware.
Thus priests preach up their creeds for reason,
And Liberty denounce as treason.
So spurious WITS for true ones shine,
As Tories think a King divine.

* Received from Portsmouth, May 1, 1794.

'Tis not a tale which coxcombs tell,
 Scarce understood beyond Pall-mall ;
 Nor is it modish conversation,
 Which deserves that appellation ;
 St. George's star may deck the knight,
 But ne'er can make a R*CH**ND fight.
 —WIT lies not in a Frenchman's vapour,
 Who helps his nonsense by a caper ;
 In life by social evils curst,
 A lively fool is sure the worst,
 Vivacity lends dullness aid,
 As lead by quicksilver's outweigh'd.—

Much less has that to WIT a claim,
 Which makes a Virgin blush thro' shame ;
 A blush sweet apprehension shews,
 The cheek then emulates the rose.
 If frigid Swift had lov'd the fair,
 Their nice sensations he would spare.
 The modest glow can they command ?
 " They blush, because they understand."
 True ;—sentiment their blood will rule,
 The maid must blush, who's not a fool.—

Still may the dear suffusion shoot,
To tell the coxcomb, he's a brute.—

No WIT is he, who oft rehearſes,
A few poor flimſy limping verſes ;
Your ſtanzas muſt not only chime,
But ſenſe refin'd keep pace with rhyme,
As with their paſte, Cooks raiſins mingle,
Rich thoughts muſt knead with ſterile jingle.
The proofs of WIT long while remain,
As ink will leave a laſting ſtain.

With WIT, your ſpeech you ſhould not load,
The Britons who made uſe of Woad,
Painted their bodies here and there,
But did not daub them every where.—
WIT on all points is out of ſeaſon,
It's uſe is to embroider reaſon.—
Good ſenſe like cloth, the ground-work place,
And then ſow on your WIT and lace.
The dome let Doric pillars prop,
Corinthian wreaths may grace the top.
The fabre's hilt with gems inlaid,
Give's luſtre to the uſeful blade.

To guard the head the helmet wear,
 The plume but adds a grace and air;
 Kian, and Soy are good ingredients,
 But for the turbot, poor expedients.
 —Some hurt themselves by flippant WIT,
 As too much GAS, balloons will split;—
 With buoyant splendour, up they rise,
 The spirit bursts, the bubble dies.—

WIT lies not in Charards or pun,
 Or what the grinning wag calls fun;
 Nor can we find it on the stage,
 In C**BER**ND's, or C*WL*Y's page.
 If SHERIDAN but speak or write,
 WIT always beams a genuine light.—

By Locke, true WIT is best defin'd,
 Her pleasant pictures lure the mind;
 Affociations sudden rise,
 And seize the fancy by surprise;
 The effect is strong,—because it's odd,
 Like fire electric from a clod;
 Or when *fix'd* air puts out a light,
 Tho' *vital* makes it blaze more bright.

Thus novelty a zest supplies,
 And Wit still pleases by surprise;
 The brilliant thought that charm'd to day,
 By repetition fades away;
 A maid thus shines the joy of life;—
 But what a different thing's a wife?
 Wit suits not the heroic line,
 Her similes are not divine;
 The ludicrous they blithly season,
 And make us laugh in spite of reason:—
 Discordant tho' the ideas be,
 In Fancy's logic they agree;
 As in the Ark by special grace,
 Mice liv'd with Cats, yet throve apace.

TO EMMA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, MAY 5, 1792.

OF all the months that grace the varied year,
 What month so pleasant as the festive MAY !
 When do the flowers so sweet and fresh appear,
 The fields so verdant, and the birds so gay.

Nature in concert seems at once to rise,
 From wintry darkness, and the gloom of night ;
 The Sun again illumes the purpled skies,
 And glads the world with his resplendent light.

Hail lovely MAY, beneath thy bounteous hand,
 Thy fost'ring vigilance, thy genial care ;
 The beauteous shrub and plant, their sweets expand,
 And with reviving fragrance scent the air.

Could I, like DRYDEN tune the vocal shell,
 Then would I sing the charms that MAY adorn ;
 Nor should the tender Muse forget to tell,
 That EMMA (fairest flower) in MAY was born.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO EMMA,

ON HER GOING TO WINDSOR.

THE splendid scene that round you glows,
Let EMMA's taste display :
Where Thames the Prince of Rivers flows,
Winding his silver way.

Beneath aspiring Windfor's height,
The beauteous prospect lies ;
Here, verdant meadows charm the sight,
There, tow'ring forests rise.—

Hark ! Cowley fill'd with rapturous fire,
Pours forth his lively song ;
While Denham wakes his vocal lyre,
To numbers smooth and strong.

What strains so soft, so sweet and clear,
 On tuneful Zephyrs float ?
 The sounds symphonious charm the ear,—
 'Tis Pope's enchanting note.

But in St. George's sacred dome,
 What brilliant pageants shine !
 There, *ribban'd* fools delighted roam,
 Bedeck'd by Kings divine.

Gay Charles's Fair adorn yon pile,
 With Zeuxis' Helen vie ;
 Like her display the 'witching smile,
 And roll the sleepy eye.

Let others prize your green retreats,
 Your vallies, meads, and hills ;
 Your terrace walk ;—your tow'ring feats,
 Your streams and purling rills.

Windfor, with these bright scenes you're blest ;
 In Beauties you abound ;
 But ONE superior to the rest,
 Now treads your classic ground—

There EMMA shines, with every grace,
 Good humour'd, blithe and gay;
And throws a lustre o'er each place,
 By wit's enchanting play.

VERSES ON AMBITION,

SUGGESTED BY AN ANECDOTE OF CÆSAR,
RELATED BY PLUTARCH.

AS Cæsar once perus'd the warlike page,
Big with the acts of Macedonia's chief;
Discordant passions in his bosom rage
And sudden tears declare his inward grief.

His ardent friends around their leader prest,
Whose fervid looks indignant fierceness dart,—
The future tyrant then his soul express'd,
For lust of praise inflamed his daring heart.

“ Ere PHILIP's godlike son my years attain'd,
“ His triumphs o'er the earth's wide orb were spread;
“ Ambition's lofty feat the hero gain'd,
“ And conquest twin'd her laurels round his head.

“ While I remain unnotic’d and unknown,
 “ A novice yet among the sons of fame ;
 “ Where are the trophies I can call my own ?
 “ * What spoils of victory can Cæsar claim ?”

Thus Julius burning with ambition’s fire,
 At length thro’ Roman blood to empire rose ;
 O still like Cæsar, may the wretch expire,
 Whose fame upon his country’s ruin grows.

May vengeful Heav’n the patriot † Chieftain bless,
 Who nobly struggles in his country’s cause ;
 And crown his glorious labours with success,
 Who fights for freedom, and for equal laws.‡

* “ Observe with how much indifference Cæsar relates, in the *Commentaries* of the Gallic war; *that* he put to death the whole Senate of the Veneti, who had yielded to his mercy (iii. 16.) *that* he laboured to extirpate the whole nation of Eburones, (vi. 31.) *that* forty thousand persons were massacred at Bares by the just revenge of his soldiers, who spared neither age nor sex. (vii. 27.)”——*Note, Gibbon’s History, vol. iv. p. 416. Oflavo Edition.*

† *Ισονομος τ’ Αθηναις επομισατον.*

Ode in Praise of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

‡ The heroic Κωσκιουσκο.

But he who dares a people's rights invade,
 Who myriads for dominion would enslave;
 May all his toils with infamy be paid;
 And *deep mouth'd* curses wait him to the grave.

In deep oblivion may his acts be hid,
 Nor let his victories be known to fame;
 As Greece her sons to sound his name forbid,
 Who fir'd a Temple to acquire a name.

Ask scepter'd Genius hast'ning to the tomb,
 If war's proud trophies, could such bliss impart,
 As when he bid the village garden bloom,
 * And rais'd the cot to glad the peasant's heart?

As the fell lightning fires the lurid sky,
 So glares the VICTOR's momentary blast;
 While Virtue holds her glorious course on high,—
 Her mild effulgence will for ever last.—

* “I never felt so much pleasure, said FREDERIC the Great, as in
 “relieving the distressed of the peasants, and rebuilding their cottages.”
Zimmerman's Conversations with the late King of Prussia.

THE NUNS SONG.

NO more we'll celebrate the mass,
With Abbeſſes and Friars;
But all our future moments paſs,
In ſoothing ſoft deſires.

To nuptial bliſs, we'll now aſpire,
And beauty's triumph ſhew;
While beam our eyes with youthful fire,
While yet our boſoms glow.—

To Venus, and the winged boy,
We'll dedicate our lives;
Chaste Nuns muſt feel a double joy
As Mothers, and as Wives.

REPUBLICAN SONG.

IN triumph shall Liberty reign,
 And the Goddess expand all her charms,
 If we hail her Republican strain,
 That calls us to arms—and to arms !

Behold,—where the Austrians advance,
 Behold the tyrannical band ;
 How they swarm o'er the borders of France,
 And menace with ruin the land.

Then away,—to the frontiers away,
 And the legions of despots defy ;
 The voice of fair freedom obey,
 Determin'd to conquer, or die.

Crown'd with glory, victorious we'll rest,
 And in triumph exultingly sing ;—
 That man, social man may be blest,
 Without Nobles, or Bishop, or King.—

THE PROPHET'S MISTAKE;
OR,
THE ILLUMINED TURNIP.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 10, 1793.

Credat Judæus Apella,
Non Ego

HOR.

Cætera mendacis deliramenta catasta,
Ne pueros ipsos credere posse reor.

CLAUDII RUTILII ITER.

IT is I trust allow'd by all,
That great events proceed from small,
From trifles oft arise ;
As by experience 'tis found out,
That snow-balls when they're roll'd about,
Increase in bulk and size.

By some I know 'tis deem'd a libel,
 To doubt the stories in the Bible,
 By prophet Moses told;
 Yet surely, many as related,
 Are most egregiously mistated,
 Why not the truth unfold?

In Exodus 'tis somewhere said,
 That Moses as the flock he led,
 To HOREB's mountain came,
 And while to reach its height he steer'd,
 An Angel wond'rously appear'd
 Clad in a fiery flame.—

His eyes then upward Moses turn'd,
 A bush with fire celestial burn'd,
 And yet the bush was whole;
 The Jew was fill'd with vast delight,
 And cried, "I ne'er saw such a sight,
 "Upon my word 'tis droll."—

The bush unsing'd continu'd flaming,
 And while the SEER was thus exclaiming,

He heard a voice,—how odd !
 Say, “ Moses, mark what I command,
 “ ’Tis holy ground on which you stand,
 “ Approach not while you’re shod !”

But when the voice moreover said,
 “ I am the SIRE of Abraham dead,
 “ And SIRE of Jacob too ;”
 Moses began to quake apace,
 And panic struck conceal’d his face,
 What else could Moses do ?

Ye sons of Israel mark the end,
 Your ears I wish not to offend,
 Nor heathenish thoughts awake ;
 Altho’ my bosom burns to tell,
 How laughably your prophet fell,
 Into this droll mistake.—

Two boys to mischief always quick,
 Archly resolv’d to play a trick,
 On some poor helpless wight ;
 Tore from a neighbouring peasants’ land,
 A Turnip with flagitious hand,
 And hung there-on a light.

Then on a branch the Turnip hung,
Which as from side to side it swung,
 The Legislator ey'd;
Then turn'd, and looking with delight,
Consider'd it as grand a sight
 As ever man espy'd.—

But when the boys began to speak,
Paleness at once seiz'd Moses' cheek,
 His blood with terror froze ;
But who can tell the Prophet's fear,
When they cry'd, " Moses come not near,
 " Pull off your shoes and hose."

For since he had no faith in ghosts,*
He thought it thund'ring Jove—of Hosts,
 Who watch'd o'er IS-RA-EL,
So strait he pen and paper took,
And in his memorandum book,
 Wrote down—a MI-RA-CLE !

Now, as the secret I've disclos'd,
On Moses, how two boys impos'd ;

* See Warburton's *Divine Legation*.

By a device so stale;
 Let's sagely on his annals pore,
 We'll find by prying o'er and o'er,
 Full many a pleasant tale.

For instance, left poor JONAS drown,
 A Whale commission'd gulp'd him down,
 And lodg'd him to his wifh;
 Where three whole days he snugly staid,
 Nor fix-pence for his chamber paid,
 To the good natur'd fish.

Hail Bible, learned code of truth!
 Thy tales so fit for age or youth,
 In simple guise are told;
 As one drug giv'n in ten diseases,
 So this book every mortal pleases,
 Young, middle aged, or old.—

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING A GREAT OFFICER,
(LATELY RETURNED FROM FLANDERS)
DRIVING HIS PHAETON.

AS from the hands of some infantine boy,
We snatch the scissars, and present a toy;
Thus Cæsar hails his Hero from the field,
And gives him Whips instead of swords to wield.

TO MRS. BLAIR,

ON HER COPYING SACHARISSA'S PICTURE.

WHEN you, fam'd Sacharissa's form display,
 Her glowing features with such taste pourtray,
 Waller's bright love resumes an air divine,
 Her sparkling eyes again with lustre shine;
 While o'er her neck the auburn ringlets flow,
 And sweetly wanton o'er a ^{beauteous} neck of snow.
 Her blooming cheeks, and roseate lips unite,
 To fire the heart, ^{delighting} entrance the ravish'd sight;
 Such brilliant *traits* the beauteous tyrant grace,
 And shed a radiance o'er her heav'nly face.

But in what brilliant circle shall we find,
 Manners so polish'd, fancy so refin'd,

Such soft attractions, elegance and ease,
A voice harmonious, ever tun'd to please,
As in the Painter, whose bewitching art
Revives the charms that won the Poet's heart.


THE END.




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